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GLORY.

THE love of fame is, in the main, a generous passion. It does not form the highest of motives, but it is very much superior to many. In its more elevated moods, it approaches even the highest, for then we overlook the earthly present, and contemplate only the praise of posterity—of those we can never know, nor hear, nor see, nor in any way profit by. Apart from this, it will be found that the motives of laudable deeds are mostly material; pains to be avoided, or pleasures to be enjoyed. This alone is an ideal, an intellectual breathing. It is the unbought grace, and will often influence those in whom a sense of religion is dead, or moral ties disregarded. Such being the social importance of a desire of renown, it is of consequence that the passion should be rightly directed, and ignominy or honour justly awarded.

In the early ages, glory was founded on beneficence. Acts useful to man alone raised a mortal to the skies. This was the beginning of hero-worship. All the more celebrated characters who fill the Pantheon of the ancients, earned divine honours by meritorious services, by encountering trials and dangers, by ridding the earth of monsters, of nuisances and oppressors, or by useful arts, discoveries, and inventions. Bacchus taught the use of the vine, and of honey; Æsculapius the art of curing diseases. Ceres instructed men in agriculture; Apollo and Orpheus were the inventors of music. Theseus is renowned as the determined foe of robbers and wild beasts; Castor and Pollux of pirates, by which they encouraged navigation; and amongst the labours of Hercules, we have no doubt that one for which he earned as much praise as for any other, was that cleansing of the Augean stable, which has been the prototype of so many reforms of later days. From such characteristic attributes, and in spite of fabulous mystification, it seems clear that the early Pantheon of the ancients was strictly an aristocracy of talent and desert. Its basis was of the Benthamite order, utilitarian; and no one could scale the Olympian heights, and win the glorious apotheosis of a sidereal mansion, save through deeds of valour, philanthropy, or patriotism.

Illusions less profitable to mankind succeeded these dazzling chimeras of a poetical age. The chief was the love of conquest. Heroic toils cease to consist in the abatement of public grievances, in slaying the ravaging lion of Nemea, in cutting off the heads of the Lernean hydra, or in rescuing a suffering community from an oppressive tribute by the destruction of the devouring Minotaur. In lieu of such patriotic services, heroes occupied themselves in destroying each other, and in subduing and laying waste their respective territories. This was the pride of imperial Rome, her thirst being for universal sway; and the same passion for domination had previously animated the monarchies of Persia, Babylon, Assyria, and Macedon, and the petty and belligerent republics of Greece. It was the corruption of true heroism, whose primitive application consisted in the godlike vocation of doing good to mankind; for which laudable devotion the benefactors were translated to heaven.

A similar perversion of what was meritorious in origin continued through subsequent ages. The hyperborean glories of Odin and his hall of skulls, or of the heroes of Ossian, are too remote to be dwelt upon; but the reign of Charlemagne offers a better defined era. The exploits of this illustrious warrior were mainly directed against the Sarsenic invaders, and to the conversion of the Saxons and other German nations to Christianity. The triumphs of the Cross continued for centuries, in western Europe, to be the guiding star of heroic enterprise. Glory consisted in

the diffusion of the Gospel; and Jupiter and Mars were supplanted by the renown of St George of Cappadocia and Montjoye St Denis, whose names became respectively the rallying battle-cries of England and France. This pious fervour attained its meridian heat during the Crusades. In these famous expeditions, the energies of Europe were concentrated; all were roused, from prince to serf; and history offers no other example in which so universal, generous, and ardent an enthusiasm was elicited. The Trojan war, a similar enterprise of associated princes, was for an object which sinks into insignificance in comparison. In the mediæval conflicts of Palestine, the single disinterested object sought was to rescue the holy sepulchre from infidel profanation. The struggle was bravely maintained for upwards of a century, under great disadvantages from climate and distance. The flower of European chivalry perished by the sword or disease; and the multitudes and treasure sacrificed in this romantic undertaking are quite incalculable, showing the vast extent of disinterestedness of which men are capable, when once their sympathies are thoroughly excited.

Passing over the religious wars of the Protestant Reformation, we come to the illusions of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Among the votaries of a vain-glorious ambition, of this period, stands prominently forward Louis XIV. of France. His history is a lesson to princes, and even to private persons. In him we have a striking example how natural abilities and good dispositions may be perverted by vicious education. Accustomed from earliest infancy to hear only what flattered his pride and depraved tastes, he never learnt what was truly just and elevated in conduct. He was perpetually reminded of the vast power he was born to, never of its co-relative duties; of his surpassing greatness, but never how that greatness could be most beneficently illustrated. His long reign, in consequence, was a grand mistake, which he discovered when too late to repair its errors. France never recovered under the elder branch of the Bourbons from the evils entailed by his mistaken policy. She was enfeebled and impoverished by his profitless wars; the choice of her population were slain in battle; the finances were disordered; the industrious orders were weighed down by burdensome imposts, and the seeds of those calamities were sown which ripened into destructive maturity under his successors. The king himself in old age exhibited the usual conclusion of a weak and mispent life—becoming the victim of an intolerant superstition, of self-reproach and disappointed schemes. The people rejoiced at his death, having discovered the emptiness of those objects in which he had wasted the national resources, and by which they had been dazzled in the earlier part of his career.

Contemporary with the latter period of this king's reign, flourished Charles XII. of Sweden. He had drunk heroic inspiration from the pages of Quintus Curtius, and sought to rival the exploits of the Macedonian hero. Without refinement, or sympathy with aught save toil and danger, Charles was formed by nature for the conqueror's vocation. War was enjoyment to him, which he followed as disinterestedly as some individuals do the chase; only, in lieu of a pack of hounds he had a nation in leash, and his game did not consist in partridges and hares, but his brother potentates, whom he deposed or hunted out of their territories, apparently more for sportive occupation than any just cause or settled purpose of extending his dominion. His career was of short duration. For a moment Europe was astonished at the dashing attempt of the adventurous Swede to re-

vive the ancient drama of universal conquest; but the visionary aspiration was dissolved by the decisive victory of Pultowa, won by Peter the Great—a more prosaic but useful prince, whose leading aim was the civilisation of his own subjects, not the disturbance of his neighbours.

The philosopher-king of Prussia, Frederick II., cannot be reckoned among ordinary conquerors. Much of his reign was certainly spent in desperate warfare, but his wars mostly originated in politic ambition. His paternal kingdom was small, and he sought, by availing himself of circumstances, and of pretexts for aggression not always defensible, to enlarge its boundaries. Louis XIV., indeed, was the last among the old monarchs of Europe who sought to embody Asiatic ideas of empire and regal magnificence. The miserable results of his ostentatious efforts, their enfeebling effects on France and neighbouring states, afforded lessons of instruction that tended greatly to abate the pride and pomp of soldiering. Diplomacy, in place of physical force, began to be more frequently resorted to in the settlement of national differences. The wars that did occur, and in which England participated, mostly originated in commercial jealousy, in disputes about the possession or boundaries of colonies, or grew out of the electoral dominions of the Brunswick family, or were expressly undertaken for the maintenance of a balance of power in Europe, as the best guarantee of general peace and security.

This system continued without essential derangement till the burst of the French Revolution. By this great commotion former ideas and relations among states were disturbed. France became, in the European family, a sort of outlaw, carried away by energies and principles that had no previous type or existence. After undergoing rapid and extraordinary mutations, alternately the dread and astonishment of Europe, she found a temporary resting-place from internal conflicts under the sway of a chief who owed his elevation to her divisions, and his strength to her necessities. Napoleon Bonaparte was formed exclusively on the antique model of Pagan grandeur. He had the ambition of Julius Cæsar, with the craftiness of the Carthaginian Hannibal; and to the end of his public life, Plutarch's heroes formed his standard of excellence. His career is a brilliant episode in modern history, but, like that of the Swedish Charles, Alexander, Tamerlane, and Zinghis Khan, has left few traces proportioned to the vast physical power he called into action. Thrones were overturned, and nations overrun, but it was the lofty flight of the eagle, or the ravages of a hurricane that touched only the high places, leaving the solid structure and heart of European society not materially altered. France owed to his restlessness her greatest humiliation, and the illusions of military glory with which she was transported under his guidance, were as irrelevant to public happiness as those of an impracticable liberty, with which she had been previously intoxicated.

The honours paid to the memory of Napoleon, by the removal of his remains from St Helena, are not a flattering exponent of the spirit of the times. By the apotheosis of his ashes, the god of war is invoked; for in war consisted his chief eminence. It shows, notwithstanding the spread of science, that the objects of idolatry in the modern are not greatly remote from those of the ancient world. Popular rites continue sanguinary; victims still smoke on bloody altars, and the incense of carnage is not unavailing to the nostrils. This is to be lamented, for, though military force is as yet necessary for defence from both external and internal aggression, it is, in its offensive character, the most detestable of all things. War in itself was

not glory at the beginning, for the first heroes were the benefactors of mankind; and it never has been, and never will be, true glory. For ourselves, we are for the revival of the primitive worship, divested of its corruptions. Ceres and Apollo are the deities who should enjoy our votive offerings, and not Mars and Bellona. We should wish to see honour and glory given to the men who, by useful suggestions and acts, by pleasing accomplishments, and the furnishing of innocent enjoyments, should ensure greater happiness to greater numbers; still more to those who, by improving the moral nature of their fellow-creatures, made them better for both time and eternity.

STORY OF JOSEPH RIDGE.

MASTER JOSEPH RIDGE was a very worthy individual, but such a one as seldom has played the part of hero in tale or history. The county of Surrey had the honour of giving him birth, and there he passed his early days. His parentage could by no means be called distinguished; his father, Gaffer Ridge, being but a plain hedger, and his mother, Goody Ridge, being a personage who had not married below her station—a roundabout way of saying that Joseph's immediate progenitors were both of the humblest class of society. Young Master Ridge was the only son of his parents, and was born to them in their mature years. He would have been called by most people a regular bumpkin; and certainly he had been nurtured in a way suitable to that appellation, and had every prospect of passing through life in such a state of Arcadian simplicity as to render the term enduringly appropriate. But, though Joseph Ridge might be a bumpkin, he was one "with capabilities," and so time proved.

In his boyish days, Joe wrought, as boys usually work, about a farm adjoining his natal cot; and, as he grew stronger and older, he began to help his father, who had a considerable amount of employment, and was beginning to feel the weight of years. Our young hero had a good heart, and usually assisted his father in a dutiful and manful way; but at times he showed a soul above hedging, and diverged from its sober engagements into pursuits which most folk called idle, and which the neighbouring manorial lords were apt to regard as high misdemeanours, worse than treason against the state. In general, however, Joe behaved himself like a good boy, and Goody and Gaffer Ridge were very proud of him.

One day Joe was returning alone from his regular toils, with his bill over his arm. He was wearied, but went on whistling cheerily, and ruminating at intervals on the comforts attending the consumption of fried bacon, and other little restoratives for a tired frame. A carriage came up behind him, and on reaching his side drew up. A respectable-looking servant out of livery, who was seated on the coach-box, looked hard at Joe, and then leapt down. "Stop a moment, if you please," said he civilly to our young labourer. Joe did come to a pause, but looked a little surprised. The man stared at him for a few moments longer, and then said, "I think I can't be in a mistake. Yes, you are the man. I have a note for you." As he spoke, he tendered a little unsealed and undirected billet to our hero.

"A letter for me!" returned Joe; "bless you, sir, you must be mistaken. Nobody writes to me!" "That may be," replied the other, "but this note is for you; I am sure it is," and he held out the paper again to Master Ridge. The latter took it into his hand, looked at it all ways, and then scratched his elbow. "I be't very good at reading hand of write," said he; "perhaps you would be good enough to do it for me?" The servant took back the letter, saying quietly, "It is from Lord S——." At this name, which was that of one of the greatest men of the district, and a minister of state, Joe's face turned suddenly to all colours of the rainbow. The memory of various little peccadilloes flashed rapidly across his brain, and he thought to himself—"Well, hang it, Joe, you are in for it at last!" The billet, however, gave no countenance to his fears, but on the contrary bore an opposite tenor. It merely desired the party "to whom the letter should be delivered, to accompany the bearer, without a moment's delay, to the house of Lord S—— in London, where something might perhaps be disclosed of advantage to his future interests."

"Oh, ho!" cried Joe, a little relieved, "it can't be me he wants. You have come to the wrong hand. My name's Joe Ridge. I am a poor hedger-lad, and have come, you see, from my work—up there by the canal side." This disclosure, which he expected to be perfectly decisive, had no effect whatever. The man-servant only smiled, and said, "I don't at all wonder at your surprise, young man. All will be explained to you. I know your name, and I am sure of the letter being for you, and you alone; and I advise you to come immediately with me, as it will perhaps be for your own good."

Joseph Ridge was perfectly confounded. To be sent for by a lord was something altogether out of the

line of his wildest conjectures. While he stood in mute amazement, the servant said, "Time presses. The more quickly you come, the better pleased will his lordship be." "But I must go and tell father and mother," replied Joe; "and I must put on my Sunday's jacket." "Pooh, pooh!" said the servant, "come away just as you are." As he spoke, he led the half-reluctant Joe to the carriage, and was about to pull down the steps. "Come," cried Joe, bursting into laughter in spite of his confusion of mind, "that is a bit over much! I go into a carriage! No, heaven love you, I'll go on the dicky, if I must go at all." "That won't do," said the man; "you must go inside, and I shall pull down the blinds." He then half forced our hero into the carriage, bill and all, let down the blinds, shut the door, and in a few minutes the vehicle was off for London, which was not above eight or nine miles distant.

Master Joseph Ridge had some humour about him, and, notwithstanding the almost alarming oddity of his situation, he could not at first help laughing heartily, though not loudly, to find himself so suddenly become the inmate of a nobleman's carriage. "Polly Woodward thinks herself a cut above me—and so she is, 'cause her father's a farmer; but if she could see me now," thought Joe, "how she would stare!—and mother! Talking about mother, I must let her know, directly I can do it, where I am. I won't vex the old soul for ever a lord in the land!" After making this commendable reflection, our hero fell into a profound fit of musing on the possible cause of his lordship's summons. "It can't be the girl I set on Monday was a week," thought Joe; "no, no—the constable would have been the gentleman picked out to visit me had it been that." Another term of meditation succeeded, and then, on a sudden, our young rustic started up, and clapped his hands. "I have it!" cried he joyfully; "his lordship has seen me handling the bill, and wants to make me head hedger upon his grounds hereabouts. Oh, my eye! what news for father!" And poor Joe, overcome with the anticipation of his parent's joy, lay back in his seat, and wept. An honest or more honourable tear was never shed in noble's carriage!

The end of the journey arrived, and the carriage was driven to the door of Lord S——'s splendid mansion in — Square. The dusk had fallen in, and Joe was delivered from his place of confinement without observation. He was ushered into a private room, and the untried servant went to inform his lordship of the arrival of the visitor. In a few seconds the man returned to bring him to the presence of Lord S——. Having never been in London before, Joe's confusion and tremors had returned on being whirled through the crowded streets, and were strengthened at sight of the magnificence around him in Lord S——'s house. Looking at his clumsy hob-nailed shoes, he said hurriedly to the servant, "Shouldn't I take them off?" "No, no," returned the other; "but you need not bring your hedge-bill with you," continued he with a smile, seeing that our confused hero had lifted that weapon, so formidable to hawthorn boughs and green leaves. Joe laid down the bill, and followed his guide to a small but handsome apartment, where at Lord S—— alone.

Lord S—— was a pale, weakly looking man of middle age. His countenance was fine, but wore a sensitive, nervous expression, indicating more than even the usual languor of luxurious life. The moment that Joe entered, the peer looked fixedly at him, and turning to the man-servant, who had remained in the room after carefully closing the door, he said, "You are right, William; this is he—the very person." His lordship then turned away, and seemed embarrassed—as much so as poor Joe. But the great man recovered himself apparently by an effort, and looking directly at our hero, said, "You know me, young man!—you recognise me!" Joe had seen his lordship several times in the country, and he said, with tolerable composure, "Yes, my lord." The peer again turned his head away for a moment, and then resumed—"It is needless to waste words. I will do much for you, if you will be prudent. Can I depend upon your discretion, young man?" Our rustic understood so far what was meant as to know it was fitting to reply, "Yes, my lord." "Then we understand each other—fully?" said Lord S——, with emphasis. "Yes, my lord," poor Joe said, but what he thought was something very different. "Then, let this subject never be adverted to again. William," addressing the servant, "I know your attachment to me. You hear my wishes. Never let the subject of this evening's meeting be mentioned between us again!—do not even think of it to yourselves!" An expression of pain and confusion passed from his lordship's face as he said to Joe, after a pause, "I will do much for you, young man. I think you have the appearance of good natural abilities, and you shall have wherewithal to cultivate them—you shall have education. You are not yet too old for it. Afterwards, I will take care of your fortunes. Remember only my wishes."

Joseph Ridge was re-conveyed to his parents on the morning succeeding this memorable evening. What were his reflections on the subject of it, it is scarcely possible to describe, the issue of the interview having been so extraordinary—so different from all that he had anticipated. His natural shrewdness led him sometimes to conjecture that there was a huge mistake under the whole affair; but against this conclusion stood out the fact, that the man-servant, and through him

Lord S—— also, assuredly knew his name, and who and what he was. A strange notion as to his parentage came across his mind; he might have been a son of Lord S——, placed in infancy under the charge of Goody Ridge; but then he and his reputed father Gaffer Ridge were as like each other as two peas. All was mystery, in short; but Joe had sense enough to resolve upon holding his tongue at all events, and letting the tide of fortune carry him whither it chose. He told his parents that Lord S—— had seen him working, thought him an amazingly clever fellow, and was going to make a man of him. But he also said to them that the whole affair would be blown up if they talked about it. The old people were quite ready to believe Joe a genius; but their questions were troublesome to him. From these he was delivered two days after, being then carried to London, and put to school, while Lord S—— promised to make up privately for his loss to the old people, a promise which he amply fulfilled.

If a bumpkin, Joseph Ridge was certainly rather a clever bumpkin. He profited rapidly by the advantages afforded him, and in the course of no great time became a fair scholar. He was now well clad, well lodged, and well fed; and had sense to see that by strictly following up his lordship's wishes, he had a chance of rising in the world, but none otherwise. He therefore attended to his lessons diligently. In due time he was called, for the second time, before Lord S——. "I have the best accounts of you, Joseph," said his lordship; "and am told you are now fitted for a respectable situation. I have got a clerkship for you." Poor Joe was now able to put his gratitude into decent though embarrassed language. "Gratitude!" said the nobleman, interrupting him, "you owe me no gratitude. You have been prudent, and merit every thing I can do for you. Allude no more to this subject. It is painful to me."

Joseph Ridge went away pleased, but more surprised than ever. Again he teased himself with thinking whether or not he could bear some secret relationship, if not that of a son, to Lord S——; but there was no satisfaction to be got in this quarter. He could not doubt his being the son of Gaffer and Goody Ridge, and their lines of descent were known to the whole parish. "Never mind," thought Joe, "up the ladder I go, push me what may." And up the ladder of fortune he did go. Lord S—— raised him step by step, and at last fixed him, while still very young, as junior partner in a thriving commercial house. In his course of luck our hero forgot neither his poor old father and mother, nor any other old friends. They shared in his prosperity.

Mr Joseph Ridge had been in his new situation for several years, when William, the confidential servant of Lord S——, came one day with a hurried summons for him to appear at the bedside of that nobleman, who was declared to be dying. Joseph went without delay. "I have sent for you," said his lordship, speaking in a faint voice, "to thank you for having preserved my secret so well." "Secret! my lord," said Joseph. "Yes, I can now talk of it—I could not bear to do so before. It is little that a dying man cares what is said of him, yet you must promise to preserve silence still!" His lordship grew exhausted. He pressed the hand of Joseph, and the latter returned the pressure, and this seemed to satisfy the dying peer. Friends and physicians came round him, but he never spoke again.

After all was over, Joseph, more confounded than ever, was retiring from the house, when William, the servant, stopped him and took him into a private apartment. The man was sorrowful, but he composed himself, and said to Joseph, "I have sometimes thought, Mr Ridge, that a mistake was made in your case. Do you, or did you ever know the secret cause of my lord's notice of you?" "To be candid," said Joseph, "I never did." "You have been made a man of, then, by a fortunate accident," replied the other. A pause now took place, and William seemed thoughtful. "You must feel curious to know the truth," said he at length, "and I believe you are too grateful to my lord to disclose it to the injury of his memory. I will tell you the whole. My lord was, you know, an able statesman, and altogether a man of great talents; but he was constitutionally nervous and sensitive in the extreme. One day, some years ago, a circumstance connected with public business drove him into a state of temporary derangement. He rushed down to his seat in Surrey, accompanied only by myself. When there, he went out alone, about mid-day, and precipitated himself into the canal. Fortunately, I had watched him, and I managed to get him out. A young countryman stood on the opposite bank at the time. He had seen the deliberate attempt of my lord, and rushing up, though he could not help us, saw my lord recover—in short, saw the whole affair. The cold bath effectually restored the reason of Lord S——, but then came upon him a feeling of dreadful alarm lest his suicidal attempt should get wind. The idea of being despised as a lunatic, and the prospect of losing place, character, and influence, almost hurried his proud and sensitive mind back into its former state, and he gave me instant orders to search for the sole witness of the scene (whom he himself had seen), and to bring him away, in order to secure his silence at any cost. I was left to do this, and his lordship, though ill, rode off for London, to make a public appearance that evening, lest the worst should come out. I found you out, learnt your name, watched you at work near the spot, and was convinced

you were the very person, your dress and appearance being the same with that of the individual wanted. You know the rest. I went for the carriage, and you were in London that evening. His lordship's shrinking dislike to enter on the details of the subject caused the mistake to be confirmed, and I never spoke of it, because to me his commands were ever law. He thought your look promising, and took the course that he did with you, in the hope of being safer with an educated man than a boor."

"I was not the person," said Joseph. "Well, well," said William, "my poor lord could well afford all he spent on you. The mistake has done no harm to any one, certainly not to you."

It indeed made the fortune of honest Joe Ridge. These matters occurred a good while ago, but we believe there are some of Joe's descendants yet living, who bear the double name of Woodward Ridge.

MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT GLASGOW.

SECTION OF MATHEMATICS AND GENERAL PHYSICS.

PERHAPS the most remarkable paper read at this section, both for its scientific character and its popular interest, was one by an American gentleman, named Espy, respecting the laws governing storms. Mr Espy is, we understand, a gentleman of moderate fortune, who, instead of giving himself up, as most Americans of his class do, to mercantile pursuits, has devoted himself from an early period of life to investigations in meteorology, and thereby excited no little wonder amongst his more practical compatriots. A brief notice of some part of his speculations formerly appeared in the Journal, but not in so conspicuous a manner as to preclude our here giving a summary of his entire theory.

Mr Espy, whose address to the section occupied two hours, commenced by stating that he had found, by examining simultaneous observations made in the middle of storms, and all round their borders, that the wind blows inwards from all sides of a storm to its central parts. If the space overspread by the storm be circular, the wind blows to a central point; if oval, it blows towards a line extending through the longest diameter. He stated that he had been able, within the last five years, to investigate seventeen storms, not one of which formed any exception to the general rule. As an illustration, he presented a map of Great Britain and part of Ireland, exhibiting the direction of the wind in twenty-two different places on the night between the 6th and 7th of January 1839, when so much damage was done to the shipping around our coasts, and particularly at Liverpool. It appeared that at all the points where observations were made in Scotland, beyond the Forth and Clyde, the wind came from the north-west. In all the places throughout the east and central districts of England, it was from the contrary direction, south-east. On the west coast, again, from the Mersey to the coast of Ayrshire, the wind was, after 10 o'clock at night of the 6th, from the south-west. It appeared, indeed, that the wind on this occasion blew from all around towards a point somewhere in the south of Scotland, or the German ocean immediately to the east of that district.

In all the other cases, precisely similar phenomena had been observed. With the aid of the Franklin Institute, Mr Espy had got a correspondence established with individuals in various parts of North America, extending from Canada to Georgia, a space of a thousand miles. These individuals were requested to record the precise period when storms occurred in their neighbourhood, their duration, the direction of the wind, and the state of the barometer and thermometer, when the parties had such instruments. The history of nine storms was obtained in this way, and they were all wonderfully similar. In the centre of the storm there was a calm, and the barometer was there low. The storm had, besides, a progressive motion eastward. In one case, for instance, the centre would be in the western states, and the eastern states would have an east wind; next day, the storm had travelled eastward, a calm prevailed in the eastern states, and an east wind on the coast; on the third day, the wind blew from the west in the eastern states. Thus the centre appeared to travel from the western states to the coast, and from thence into the Atlantic Ocean. Mr Espy had also examined the accounts collected by Mr Redfield and Colonel Reid, of various storms and hurricanes in the West Indies. The form of these seemed to be more nearly circular, and their progressive motion, as Messrs Redfield and Reid showed, was north-westward. It is this progressive motion which has given birth to the idea that the currents of air in these storms form vortices revolving horizontally. Mr Espy says that he has examined the data collected from the log-books of ships, by the gentlemen mentioned, and when those which are strictly simultaneous are compared, they agree completely with his theory, and show that the winds did not revolve horizontally, but blew inwards to a common centre.

This blowing inwards to a centre, Mr Espy conceives to be the consequence of the sudden and powerful ascent of a column of air at that centre, from the atmosphere being there more heated than elsewhere. The column, as it ascends, expands, in consequence of being always less and less under pressure. In its ascent, it takes up with it the aqueous vapour with

which it has chanced to be charged. It is here necessary to advert to what scientific men call the dew point. Many must be familiar with the phenomenon of a bottle of iced wine, or any other bottle containing very cold liquor, being introduced into a room which has been warmed by a large company, when immediately dew begins to be formed on the outside of the bottle, the coldness having condensed the aqueous vapour of the surrounding air. The highest temperature at which the bottle would condense the surrounding vapour, is called the dew point: that degree of temperature depends on the quantity of vapour in the air, and is therefore variable. As a column of air ascends, it loses, in consequence of expansion, 1½ degrees of temperature of Fahrenheit for every hundred yards of ascent; in other words, it rapidly becomes cool, and acquires the power of condensing the aqueous vapour with which it is charged, or which may be immediately around it. Thus cloud is formed, and ultimately rain. If that vapour, in its ascent, continued in the same state in which it was below, the changed temperature would affect it in this manner to a far greater extent than we see in nature: the effect is moderated to a considerable extent in consequence of the expansion which at the same time takes place in the vapour. The vapour, in short, becomes thinner as well as the air, but not in the same ratio. It is affected in this way only to the extent of ¼ of a degree of Fahrenheit for every hundred yards of ascent, being a full degree less than the extent to which the air is affected by expansion. It follows that, as soon as the column rises as many hundred yards as there are degrees of Fahrenheit between the temperature of the atmosphere and the dew point, cloud will begin to form. When the vapour condenses, it will give out the latent caloric into the air, which will prevent the ascending air from cooling more than half as much as it would otherwise have done on its further ascent. Thus, the higher the column of air rises, the warmer it will be when compared with the air on the outside of the cloud at the same height. For every degree that the cloud is warmer, it will be a certain amount lighter than air at zero; and thus under the cloud the barometer will fall, and the air will run in under the cloud and upwards, with a velocity of upwards of 240 feet per second. Mr Espy first inferred the existence of these ascending currents over the space where a calm prevailed on the surface of the earth, but was afterwards able to prove it, and to prove, too, that they always attend the formation of clouds. For this purpose he sent up large kites, and he invariably found that, long before they reached the under surface of the cloud, they were strongly dragged upwards, and often carried violently out of his hands. In explaining the formation of clouds, he has an instrument of his own contrivance, which shows how vapour is condensed and rendered visible, by the cold produced by the dilatation of the air. Water-spouts are another of the effects of these upward currents, which are, in Mr Espy's theory, the key to the principal phenomena of meteorology.

This may be taken as an outline of the theory, and of the observations on which it is founded. Mr Espy deduces from it several observations bearing on the practical concerns of life; and these we take from an excellent report of his paper in the Athenæum:—

"As air cannot move upwards without coming under diminished pressure, and as it must thus expand and grow cooler, and consequently form cloud, any cause which produces an up-moving column of air, whether that cause be natural or artificial, will produce rain, when the complement of the dew point is small, and the air calm below and above, and the upper part of the atmosphere of its ordinary temperature."

Volcanoes, therefore, under favourable circumstances, will produce rain—sea-breezes, which blow inwards every day towards the centre of islands, especially if these islands have in them high mountains, which will prevent any upper current of air from bending the up-moving current of air out of the perpendicular, before it rises high enough to form cloud, such as Jamaica, will produce rain every day—great cities where very much fuel is burnt, in countries where the complement of the dew point is small, such as Manchester and Liverpool, will frequently produce rain—even battles, and accidental fires, if they occur under favourable circumstances, may sometimes be followed by rain. Let all these favourable circumstances be watched for in time of drought (and they can only occur then), and let the experiment be tried; if it should be successful, the result would be highly beneficial to mankind. It might probably prevent the occurrence of those destructive tornadoes which produce such devastation in the United States; for if rains should be produced at regular intervals, of no great duration, the steam power in the air might thus be prevented from rising high enough to produce any storm of destructive character. Independently of its utility to the farmer, it would be highly useful to the mariner in the following way:—As the very time and place of the commencement of the rain would be known, it would be easy to find out in what direction from the place of beginning it moved along the surface of the earth, and also its velocity of motion, and the shape that it assumed from time to time in its progress. Now, this knowledge is the principal thing wanting to enable the mariner, who has the power of locomotion, to direct his vessel so, when one of these great storms comes near him, as to use as much wind in the borders

of the storm as will suit the purposes of navigation—for Heaven undoubtedly makes the wind blow for his use, and not for his destruction, provided he becomes acquainted with the laws to which it is subject. From the preceding principles, he will be able to know in what direction a great storm is raging when it is yet several hundred miles from him, for the direction of the wind alone points it out. If, however, the storm should be of such great length, moving side-foremost, as to preclude the possibility of avoiding it, he will at least be enabled to know in what direction to steer his ship, so as to get out of the storm as soon as possible. For example, if it shall be found that storms move towards the United States and Europe always move towards the east, then it will manifestly be improper to scud with the wind in the latter part of the gale, when the wind is blowing from the westward, because this would be to keep in the storm as long as possible. The sailor also will be able to know when he is out of danger; for when a great storm has passed off to the east in middle and high latitudes, and to the north in low latitudes, on the north of the equator, he will know that it never returns; and therefore he will not be afraid to spread his sails to the wind, before the calm of the annulus comes upon him. The mariner will finally be able, by observing storm-clouds on their approach, to ascertain the direction in which storms move; for these storm-clouds frequently exhibit themselves above the horizon in the form of an arch; and if the highest part of the arch approaches towards the zenith, then is the storm coming from the point where the arch first appeared.

When a storm has a much greater diameter from north to south than from east to west, the wind will not blow towards a central point, but towards a central line, which may be called the major axis of the storm.

On the northern end of the storm, if it moves towards the east, the wind will change round without a lull, by north towards the west—and on the southern end of the storm, the wind will change round without a lull, by south towards the west; but in the middle of the storm the wind will change with a lull from easterly to westerly.

When the storm is of great length north and south, the lull in the central parts may be experienced simultaneously, at considerable distances apart, north and south, which could not be the case if the storm was round; and as this occurs frequently on the coast of the United States, it is certain, from that circumstance alone, that the centre of storms is frequently a line of great length; and, moreover, as the wind in the first part of the storm is frequently south-east, and in the last part of the storm north-west; and as the barometer falls successively from north of west to south of east, it seems highly probable that these storms of oblong form move towards the south of east.

In the West Indies, from Barbadoes to Jamaica, it is known, by the invaluable labours of Redfield and Reid, that the hurricanes there move from the south-east to north-west; therefore, if the wind springs up violent from north-west in those parts, the mariner may be sure that a hurricane is coming upon him if he remains stationary; and if it springs up in any other direction, he will know in what direction to sail to avoid its violence."

ABBOTSFORD.

SECOND AND CONCLUDING NOTICE.

WE take up the description at the point where it was broken off, having still the armoury, drawing-room, and library, to notice. All of these look out upon the Tweed, and are places of interest, from the contents they display. The mere enumeration of the remarkable objects in the armoury, though the room be a very small, or rather very narrow one, would make a goodly catalogue; and it is in reference to these objects principally, that the world has cause to regret Sir Walter's non-completion of his "*Reliquies of Trollope*," a catalogue of his rarities, which he had projected and even commenced, and which would certainly have been rendered by him a very entertaining work. Arms, as is fitting, predominate in the armoury; and, among the articles of that nature, not the least interesting to a Scotsman is the gun of Rob Roy, an immensely long weapon, of Spanish manufacture. It is marked with the initials of the freebooter, R. M. C., Robert Macgregor Campbell. The purse of the same renowned individual hangs on the walls of the armoury, but not that immortal purse shown by him to Nicol Jarvie, which is described as having been curiously guarded with a small pistol, the contents of which were likely to be lodged in the body of any one opening it without a knowledge of the secret. The present purse is merely a leather splotch, of a very plain kind, and likely to have been used by "Rab" in his honest drover days. Its authenticity is unquestionable, Mr Train having procured it from an immediate descendant of the original possessor.

The armoury contains the gun of another famous mountaineer—famous, we must say, in despite of national prepossessions, for much better things than our own Highlander. The weapon in question belonged to Andrew Hofer, the Tyrolean patriot, from whose lieutenant it was obtained by Sir Humphry Davy, in reward for having cured him of a fever. It forms an almost ridiculous contrast to the musket of Rob Roy, being even stuntedly short, and having two barrels. If these arms are interesting, still more so, in the opinion of most visitors, will be a pair of pistols

that hang over the mantel-piece of the armoury. They are about a foot long, and very plain articles, though they were once the property of an emperor, and that emperor Napoleon Bonaparte. They were found in his carriage at Waterloo, and presented to Scott by the Duke of Wellington. A single pistol, of a much more ornamental character, is to be seen opposite to them. This is a relic of Claverhouse, and has a handle finely inlaid with ivory. Whether or not it be the weapon which he used at Drumclog, and which is specially alluded to in *Old Mortality*, Sir Walter alone, it is probable, could have told us. Among other guns or fire-arms in the armoury, some Persian weapons may be mentioned, as beautiful specimens of workmanship, their stocks and butts being of wrought silver and ivory. There are also many specimens of antique fire-arms, such as the original matchlocks, which were discharged like modern cannon, by match or lintstock. Many of these may have histories attached to them, but their antiquity now forms their only interest.

Swords and other edge-weapons are abundant in the armoury. One sword has a deep interest, both from its beauty of make and the associations connected with it. It is the sword of the gallant Montrose, and was presented to him by Charles I.; though, from the arms of Prince Henry being wrought on the hilt, it would appear originally to have been the property of the elder brother of Charles. The weapon is of elegant shape, and has a magnificent appearance, from the sheath being covered with crimson stuff, crossed by strong bands of silver. A more costly sword in the armoury is that presented to Sir Walter himself, by the Celtic Society. We can only describe this as a gorgeous article, with a sheath of elaborately chased silver; but it is, on the whole, inferior in chaste and tasteful beauty to the sword of the great marquis. Scimitars, claymores, axes, tomahawks, arrows, javelins, darts, &c., from all quarters of the world, and of all ages, are also to be seen in this apartment. Scarcely a nation upon earth, savage or civilised, has not contributed something, in the shape of a warlike weapon, to the stores of Scott's armoury.

Miscellaneous rarities are numerous. We have Prince Charles Stuart's spurs, very massive ones, and seemingly of solid gold. We have still more massive spurs here, relics of the moss-trooping days; and hard-skinned indeed must the steed have been, which could resist a hint from spikes one to two inches in length, and proportionably thick. Spurs almost as large are to be seen, said to be from the "Spanish main," or rather from the Spanish colonies, for the Buccaneers of that region would certainly have their hands more often upon "the ocean's mane," than on that of the horse. The identical pair of thumbkins which crushed the hands of Professor Carstairs, hang above the mantel-piece. This instrument consists simply of two small parallel bars of iron, made approachable by a screw, and between which the victim's unlucky thumb was squeezed. These very thumbkins have before now pressed royal fingers, King William having submitted to be operated on with them, but only in a gentle and experimental way. An old hunting flask, made of leather, belonging once to "bonnie King Jamie;" an iron box found in the chapel of Mary of Guise, in the Castlehill of Edinburgh; a mazer, or drinking-horn, one of a set which Robert the Bruce provided for the use of lepers frequenting the hospital called King's Case, founded by the Bruce himself, near Ayr, in consequence of receiving personal benefit from a medicinal spring there; a Canadian horn of large size, with a map of Upper Canada and its lakes, most ingeniously and not incorrectly carved upon it by a native Indian; the identical slippers of Tipoo Saib; an old hat—a very old hat, indeed—which was worn for ages at the installation of the burgesses of Stow, a village of great antiquity on the Gales; and, lastly, a necklace of human bones—may be specified as worthy of notice among the remaining articles of interest which the armoury contains. Out of many hundreds of rarities, we have not, we hope, trespassed on the patience of the reader by mentioning these few.

Passing eastwards from the armoury, the visiter enters the drawing-room, a large and lofty apartment, rich in its furniture and walls, and not without curious contents of a different kind. As to the walls, they are covered with "splendid Chinese paper" (to use Scott's own words), a present to him from his cousin, Hugh Scott, of the Raeburn family, who had it made purposely for his great relative in the land of tea and pagodas. The windows, doors, and other wood-work, are of Jamaica cedar, and, being well varnished, have a rich and beautiful appearance. The common chairs, again, are an ebony set, presented to the poet by George IV., and really worthy of the rank of the donor. There are two finer chairs, however, in the room, large elbow ones, brought from the Borgheze palace at Rome, and presented by Constable to Scott. They are in boxwood, with figures and foliage elaborately carved upon them, and are truly exquisite specimens of this kind of manufacture. The magnificent bibliopole was in nothing more magnificent, in his palmy days, than in his donations, and this the rooms of Abbotsford show, in the case of many other articles besides these chairs. But enough of mere furniture. The paintings of the drawing-room form a more intellectual object of attention. Among them we have Raeburn's well-known and

admirable portrait of Scott himself, sitting in the open air, with a book in his hand. We find also a fine original of "glorious John" (Dryden), with his "grey hairs floating about (to use Mr Lake's words) in a most picturesque style, eyes full of wildness, presenting the old bard in one of those tremulous moods in which he appeared, as we are told, when interrupted in the midst of his *Alexander's Feast*." A portrait of Lady Scott exhibits to us a *petite figure*, with dark eyes and complexion, and foreign-looking, on the whole. We see here, also, the comely Scottish countenance of Anne Scott, and, beside her, a decent old-world-like lady, who stands for Miss Rutherford, the poet's near relative. These are nearly all the paintings in the room.

On an antique table of mosaic marbles, between two of the drawing-room windows, stands a large porcelain vase, of most beautiful workmanship, being that presented to Sir Walter by Lord Byron, along with a silver urn filled with bones from the Piræus. The urn had upon it the inscription, "Given by George Gordon, Lord Byron, to Sir Walter Scott, Bart.," but it is not now shown to visitors. It has not, however, we believe, gone the way of the letter originally accompanying the donation, which some one carried off—a piece of rascality most unserviceable to the author of it, as the letter never could or can be shown, the knowledge of the theft having long been universal. The only other object of interest in the drawing-room which we shall notice, is a curious and valuable clock, given to Scott by the Duke of York, who was a great clock-fancier. It is a gilded, foreign-looking article. With its silk damask hangings, fine paper, mirrors, and other ornaments, the drawing-room of Abbotsford altogether would do honour to any palace.

For general grandeur as an apartment, however, the library exceeds all the other rooms of the house, being of oblong form, and about fifty feet by thirty in dimensions. The wood-work, including the bookshelves, is of Jamaica cedar, "finely pencilled" (says Sir Walter), and most beautiful, something like the colour of gingerbread." The hangings are of "superfine crimson cloth (he says) from Galashiels, made of mine own wool." The roof is also of carved wood, either oak or cedar, probably the latter, and the chairs are of old oak. All these things, forming the staple furniture of the apartment, give it a very rich appearance, and the presence of some fifteen or twenty thousand volumes, all in fine order, tend in no degree to detract from the general effect. The cases are wired in and locked. One painting only has a place in the library, and it is a full length of the present Sir Walter Scott, in the uniform of the fifteenth hussars, and with his horse by his side. The picture is by William Allan, and is placed over the mantel-piece. Opposite to it, and prominently placed in a large recess terminating in a bow-window, is a fine cast of the bust of Shakespeare, taken from the Stratford monument; and in a central niche in the east wall of the room, upon an elegant stand of porphyry, is a marble bust of him, who alone of all whom the isle of Britain has produced, has a fair claim to be named along with the great dramatist—namely, Sir Walter Scott. This is the bust, so well known from the numberless casts of it, which Chantrey executed for the poet himself, and, being of the purest white marble, is not less admirable as a work of art than as a likeness. The expression of the countenance is at once perfectly natural and noble. It was after his death that the bust of Scott was placed here. At the west end of the library there is another bust (a cast). It is the likeness of William Wordsworth, and exhibits a head of beautiful and Miltonic formation.

Among the objects occupying the centre of the library floor, there are but two which appear worthy of special notice. One is a large writing-cabinet of ebony, richly figured, which was once used by George III., and was presented by his heir to Sir Walter, being a match to the ebony chairs. The other is a desk of peculiar construction, having four slopes, which can be moved round at the will of the writer, thus enabling him to consult a number of works at one time. Scott used this desk in the composition of the *Life of Napoleon*, a production which rendered it necessary for him to have hosts of authorities under his eye at one and the same moment.

A catalogue of the books in the Abbotsford library has been recently published by Mr Cadell. In antiquarian lore particularly, the collection is rich beyond measure. The books are arranged according to their subjects, British history and antiquities, for example, occupying one range of shelves, and foreign literature another. It would be vain to particularise individual works. Many of them are presentation-copies, and gifts from friends. Constable contributed, among other things, a splendid set of the *Variorum Classics*, and George IV. a ten-volume folio copy of *Montfaucon's Antiquities*, bound in scarlet, and stamped with the royal arms. We have now only a few concluding remarks to make upon Abbotsford. It is entirely a place of show, every one must admit; and nothing establishes this fact more satisfactorily, than a glance at the second floor of the house. The huddled and uncomfortable character of the bedrooms on the second floor, and, in short, of all parts of the house excepting the exhibition rooms that have been described, can escape no one's notice. There is here and there a piece of rich furniture on the second floor, but there is no order or judgment shown in the construction and arrangement of the parts. The comfort

of the family-occupants has formed no part, apparently, of the projector's views. The provision of sleeping-room to the greatest possible number of persons, seems to have been the main object in his thoughts, and that object he has certainly attained. Passing from this point, we may observe that there is but one article of a curious nature on the second floor, which we shall advert to. This is a large chest which was sent from Italy to Sir Walter, as the identical chest in which the beautiful young bride (Ginevra) hid herself on her marriage-day, out of a frolicsome wish to baffle the search of her newly-wedded lord; and out of which chest she never came, until the lapse of many years had converted her beautiful frame into a mouldering skeleton. A spring-lock had shut her in, and all search for her proved vain. Mr Rogers tells this story finely in his "Italy," and the English song of the "Mistletoe Bough" does the same thing also very effectively. It is proper to state, however, that Sir Walter was ultimately led to entertain strong doubts of the authenticity of the chest sent to him, from the annoying fact that Italy has a box with similar claims in two or three of her principal cities. Besides, the chest at Abbotsford has not the spring-lock. However, Sir Walter's may be the right one—the real *Sosia*—and if visitors are romantic enough to get over the difficulties mentioned, let them shed a tear over the deathbed of Ginevra. We have told the truth.

Such as it is, with all its faults and all its beauties, Abbotsford will certainly be a place of pilgrimage to the nations in the times to come. At this hour, the throng of visitors to the spot is something altogether surprising, and among them are strangers from all quarters of the globe. We may expect the shrine to be still more fondly revered in after days, for, if the present dare prognosticate respecting the tastes of the future, the productions of Scott may be expected to charm the leisure hours of civilised man in all ages.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MAKING A PRINCIPLE OF THINGS INDIFFERENT.

It is right to watch the first approaches to real error, which often take a very indifferent and unalarming appearance; but there is no need for making a principle of matters which, from their absolute nature, never can be any thing but indifferent. The possession of a steady, well-balanced mind, to distinguish between what is important and what is indifferent, is a great blessing, for the opposite subjects its possessor to much ridicule, and on many occasions to no small inconvenience. It is generally against the lesser customs of society, the little formalities and ways which human beings fall into when massed in communities, that those liable to this error lift up their testimony. They become conspicuous, accordingly, as odd or disagreeable persons, and lose much of the credit to which for other reasons they would be entitled. They never do this; they can't endure that; they avoid another thing: all of these being matters which an angel might submit to without tinging the tip of one of his snow-white feathers. We have known a literary man of this order, who made a principle of spelling *music* and *public* with a final *k*, because it was more Saxon; yet at the same time subtracted a *t* from *Scottish*, because so it was done in Latin. We have known an artist make a world's wonder of himself by dismissing a neckcloth, alleging that neckcloths are antagonistic to the natural grace of the human figure. He was perhaps right in his opinion; but a man nevertheless looks foolish in this country without a neckcloth, or something serving the same end. The line of defence usually taken up by an odd person is, "I have a right to do in this matter as I please: no one has any right to interfere." No doubt of both propositions; but then is it worth while to assert or act upon a right of so worthless a nature? And, again, though no one has a right to interfere, every one has a right to laugh, and every one does laugh accordingly: is it worth while, we would ask, to subject one's self to so much ridicule for so small an object? It is the disproportion between a trivial oddity, and the ridicule encountered for its sake, that makes the practice so absurd. As much good martyrdom is thrown away, perhaps, in affecting a different length of hair from the bulk of mankind, as, if bottled up and kept over, might prove the means of overthrowing some great national evil. The fault lies partly in a kind of moral *elephantiasis*, which makes little things appear huge; but there is also a morbid self-esteem at the bottom of it—a self-esteem which makes it seem better that we should be singled out for something, however ridiculous, than be swamped amidst the common herd. The true philosophy is to do as others do in all trivial matters, amongst which is to be included the whole range of external manners, dress, eating (within moderation), speaking, and so forth, and only to stand up against things which really portend or do evil, it being quite enough for any man to incur odium as a dissenter from the serious delusions and vices of his fellow-creatures, without also causing them to laugh at him for affecting to consider that as a matter of principle which their common sense has set down as a thing of not the slightest consequence.

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS OF FRANCE.

A calculation lately made by a French journal, places in a striking light the importance attached to the profession of a journalist in France. In July 1830, forty-four journalists, including the editors, conductors, and publishers of the principal news-sheets of Paris, signalled themselves by protesting against the ordinances of Charles X. The extraordinary influence acquired since that era by the press, and the extent to which public situations were thrown open to talent by the Revolution, is made remarkably apparent by the position in which a considerable portion of these forty-four individuals have for some time stood. The following list exhibits the state of the case:—

M. Thiers, chief editor in 1830 of the newspaper called the *National*, has been for a considerable period Prime Minister of France.

Mignet, co-editor or permanent writer in the same paper, is now Keeper of the Archives to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Counsellor of State, and an Academician.

Carrel, another co-editor, was killed in a duel, otherwise he would certainly have now been in very high office, supposing him willing to accept of any thing of the kind.

Chambolle, also co-editor, is a Deputy of the Chamber, and is now intrusted with the conduct of the official or ministerial paper, the *Siccle*.

Peysse, also co-editor, is Director of the Academy of Fine Arts.

Roche, also co-editor, is Keeper of the Public Library of Paris.

Gauja, manager of the same paper, is at this time Prefect of the Pas-de-Calais.

M. Dejean, one of the editors of the *Globe*, is now a Counsellor of State, and was recently Director of the Police of the kingdom.

De Remusat, co-editor of the same, is now Minister for Home Affairs.

De Guizard, also co-editor, is a Counsellor of State, and Prefect of the Aveyron.

M. de Jussieu, editor of the *Courrier des Electeurs*, is Prefect of the Ain.

M. Cauchois-Lemaire, editor of the *Constitutionnel*, is Principal Keeper of the Archives.

Année, co-editor of the same, is a Counsellor of State.

M. J. Coste, editor of the *Temps*, is a Pensioner of the State, and a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour.

Bande, co-editor of the same, is a Counsellor of State.

Hausmann, also co-editor, is Sub-Prefect of a department.

Barbaroux, also co-editor, is Solicitor-General of the Isle of Bourbon.

Chalas, also co-editor, is Under-Secretary to the Ministry of the Interior.

Billard, also co-editor, is an Ex-Prefect.

M. Larrégné, editor of the *Commerce*, is now a Counsellor of State, and Prefect of the Charente.

M. Bohain, editor of the *Figaro*, is an Ex-Prefect, and a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour.

Roqueplan, co-editor of the same, is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour.

M. Leon Pillet, editor of the *Journal de Paris*, is a Master of Requests, and Acting Director of the Opera.

In all, out of the forty-four protesting journalists of 1830, three are dead; six are now no one knows what or where; and fourteen have remained independent in the same position as formerly. At least twenty-one have been loaded with employments, wealth, and honours, during the ten years intervening since the Revolution.

Why, it may be asked, and asked with some indignation, is not literary talent equally advanced and honoured in our own country? Before feeling indignant on this point, it would be well to make sure that the advancement of literary men in France is an indication of a sound and desirable state of things. Public writing, we are told, is now adopted in that country by young persons of talent as one of the paths to eminence, just as the law, the church, and the army, used to be. Most of the ambitious and turbulent spirits take this course, and the public press of Paris is accordingly rather marked by earnest endeavours on their part to acquire importance, than by any conscientious regard for what is for the public interest. Every means are taken to raise and keep up a flame about all kinds of things, that papers may be purchased, and the editors made great men. The interests of these gentlemen and of the public are therefore, we would say, not one, and the public peace and welfare is just so far endangered. Right and safe elements of power must, we fear, be considered as wanting in a country, where merely to inflame the human passions by extravagant writing is a ready means of attaining to high station and influence.

It would also be well to ask if our literary class, as a whole, are of a character to make it desirable that they should be advanced to places of high trust. There is certainly an immense display of literary talent and industry in the country. According to Mr Bent, the number of books published in 1838 was 1550 (by the way, the number in 1828 was only 842, though there were then no cheap publications to ruin the trade). There are above 30 quarterly, between 200 and 300 monthly, and an infinitude of weekly periodicals, besides nearly 500 newspapers, daily, weekly, and twice and thrice a-week. But of

all this display of literary exertion, how much is devoted to mere amusement, how much to trivialities of all kinds, how much to the objects in which not truth but party is concerned, how much to the great object of making the worse appear the better reason, obfuscating the common sense of the plain-sailing public, and misleading into all kinds of error and delusion! If all this were subtracted, we fear that the account would look pretty much as a certain celebrated tavern-bill would have done, supposing the deduction of the sack. Admirable things there are no doubt in our literature, and some men of virtue belong to it; but, take it as we will, it cannot be said to be pervaded by any defined philosophic or moral spirit tending to the permanent benefit of our race, or to be in the main any thing but a vain show of intellect. We must confess that we should like to see its men animated more generally by some lofty and abiding principle, before we could wish them as a class to be advanced to state situations of any considerable degree of responsibility.

MR J. S. BELL'S WORK ON CIRCASSIA.

HUMAN nature being ever the same, it is not surprising that past history should be often reproduced in action, scene and characters alone being changed. At this hour, the struggles of the Swiss with Gessler, and of the Scotch with Edward I., are in the course of being renewed on the shores of the Black Sea, the parties in the present case being, the Circassians on the one hand, a handful of semi-civilised, but vigorous-natured people, and on the other the colossal government of Russia. This contest has been carried on since 1828, without the least mark of languor or shrinking on the part of the Circassians; and now, from some late triumphs, they seem to be more thoroughly exempt from Russian bondage than at any time since the commencement of the war. Of the general features of the contest within the last year or two, and of the character and peculiarities of the Circassian people, we have a striking and attractive account before us, in a new work by Mr J. S. Bell, who resided for a considerable time on the very scene of action.*

The territory of the Circassian people is well defined in its limits, being confined, or nearly so, to the space between the north-eastern shore of the Black Sea, and the large river Kuban. The nation, which is chiefly of Tatar descent, was of the Christian faith four or five centuries ago; but the influence of Turkey, at one time predominant in the country, caused the establishment of Islamism as the national religion. Properly speaking, as Mr Bell shows, the Circassians were always an independent race, governed by their native chiefs; but a pretence of suzerainty, put forth by the Porte, led to the insertion of a clause of cession in a treaty between the Turks and Russians, on which the latter ground their claim of authority. What was the exact nature of Mr Bell's mission to Circassia, does not appear very clearly, but he was certainly received by the whole nation as an agent accredited, to a greater or less extent, by England. They bestowed on him the sounding appellation of the "greatly honoured, the ever-constant, the nobly-descended Lord Mir Bell;" though, as it might have been inconvenient at times to repeat all this, they also assigned to him the every-day title of "Yakub Bey." In point of hospitality and politeness, the Circassians are described by our author, from experience as well as observation, to be superior perhaps to any other nation in the world. When residing in one part of the country, he used to be presented by messengers from other quarters with the "respects of hundreds of men, women, and children," all unknown to him; and was often told that, wherever he might choose to go, "not one, but a hundred thousand doors," were open to receive him. He further observes—"From all I have seen, I feel inclined to pronounce the Circassians, in the aggregate, the most genuinely polite people I have ever known or read of." Their politeness, moreover, seems not to be superficial, or of that kind which displays itself only to strangers. It is universally practised among themselves, and goes beyond forms or mannerism. "A matron on a visit here frequently pays the girls a visit; and I observe when she approaches, whether they be seated before the cottage or inside of it, they invariably rise (intimates and relatives as they are) and remain standing till she seats herself. The same respect is shown to the male visitors when they enter the cottage, and to me when I pass even at some distance from its window. One or other of these girls invariably, and sometimes all our females, accompany such female visitors as they have to the confines of the territory of the hamlet, and a young one, married or unmarried, is never allowed to go home alone." To old men, of whatever rank, the Circassians pay the same Spartan-like respect. This may be partly form, but not so in the following case. Mr Bell speaks of often seeing "some happy band of neighbours, old and young, males and females, busily engaged in weeding

their crops with the hoe or hand, and singing together some lively air to lighten the labour, which they sometimes intermit to come around me, offering some of the refreshments they generally have with them; a light for my pipe, or to joke a little. Thus they aid each other alternately, and their crops in general have the cleanly appearance of one of our nursery-grounds. If a traveller pass while this or any other agricultural occupation is going forward, he almost invariably cries out 'Rabestakho' (May it be productive!); and the rules of good-breeding equally require that, when he encounters a flock of sheep or goats, he should not press on, but wait until the shepherd has gathered them to one side or other of the pathway, when he exclaims to him 'Bowhapshi' (May you have increase!)"

One of the most charming forms in which our author saw the good feeling, or politeness, if you will, of the Circassians exemplified towards one another, consisted in the care and attention bestowed on the wounded and the sick. "The custom of females visiting the wounded men is universal, and shows, at all events, a kindness of feeling among the people. The visit of the bright-eyed maidens to the young wounded warriors, must contribute greatly to the diffusion of courage. I have repeatedly seen two of these maidens, one of them the sister of Hassan Bey, sitting by the couch of my patient, fanning and paying him other delicate attentions, among others that of combing the tuft of hair on the apex of the head, generally worn by young men." The freedom permitted to young unmarried females, in walking abroad and uncovered, is strikingly at variance with the rules to which married females are subjected. "The house and society of the married female are inaccessible, as in Turkey, to all males except those of her own family, the ataliks of her children, and the members of her husband's fraternity, who have free admission at all times. When she goes out to visit her female friends, her head and face are closely veiled, and her whole figure enveloped in a cloak; she must avoid meeting males, or, unless they be serfs, stand respectfully aside till they pass. But the maid—whose tight corset covered in front with clashing plates of silver, and skull-cap ornamented with knobs and lace of silver, give her somewhat of a martial appearance, as if the panoply of her innocence were proof against all assaults; while her pendant tresses, flowing skirts, and gentle gait, preserve the feminine character of her figure, and, if she be tall, give it much of dignity and grace—sallies forth unveiled, and upon occasions she fearlessly, but never with effrontery, enters amid groups of men. The tall handsome girl I have repeatedly seen entering the guest-house here when filled with men, to visit the wounded warrior, has made me think more than once of the 'Maid of Orleans' performing this military duty to her companions in arms." Bright colours—red, yellow, and blue—are the favourite hues in the dresses of the Circassian maidens, but the long veils of the matrons are white as driven snow. We cannot help quoting, for the benefit of the followers of fashion here, the remarks of our author on the Circassian dresses generally. "How superlatively ridiculous do some of the follies of what is called civilised life become when one's mind has got a little 'unsophisticated' by living among an artless people; when one contrasts the ceaseless dance of fashion in Europe, and all the monstrosities in turn produced—the hats, petersham, tally-ho, and clerical—the small and large-collared, broad and swallow-tailed coats—the apoplexy-inducing neckcloths and stocks of our men—and the bonnets and sleeves, of all possible forms and sizes, of our women—with the simply elegant and unvarying attire of these Asiatics, whom we reckon among barbarians!"

One practice which the Circassian mothers have long followed, of girding the waists of their girls with leather bands, when they are very young, and leaving these for many years, is still prevalent, Mr Bell says; but of late years they have wisely "abated the tightness" of these cinctures to a great extent, and diminished their hardness.

The Circassian men, in a state of peace, occupy their time chiefly with pastoral and agricultural concerns, and are governed by their chiefs and elders, who assemble in congress on great national occasions. Excepting in one point to be noticed, there is much practical freedom in their communities, and, doubtless, it is their acquaintance with this blessing that has made them enter with such gallantry into their unequal contest. Some instances of patriotic devotedness and personal bravery are recorded in the work before us, which would have done honour to the days of Leonidas and Cœur de Lion. In a skirmish with the Russians, "they observed a tokav of the neighbourhood who was in advance of them, and at one side of the advancing body of Russians, draw his sabre and rush alone into the midst of it. He was stalk of my host's second daughter, and a person of singular intrepidity. He had been wounded on the head by a ball only an hour before, and was no sooner bandaged than he engaged ten or twelve others to perform with him this feat of devotion, saying, 'Better to effect something and perish, than be subdued like women.' At the subsequent exchange of dead, the Russians said that, unless they had witnessed his prowess and hardihood, they could not have believed in them." Wounds are despised by the young braves of Circassia. Mr Bell once had for a patient "Osmond, a former as-

* Journal of a Residence in Circassia during 1837, 1838, and 1839. By James Stanislaus Bell. London: Edward Moxon.

acquaintance, a remarkably brave young warrior from Adughum, who only ten days before had received a concussion of the brain and other injuries by a fall with his horse. On the second day of his visit, when the roar of the firing was almost incessant, he became perfectly miserable; mutteringly bemoaning, in the corner where he lay, his hard fate, that he had not died to prevent his being left to be degraded to a woman. His impatience at length became so great, that he had himself dressed to set forth, notwithstanding that his right arm is almost powerless, his right eye entirely so (from the falling of the eyelid), and the vision of the left greatly impaired, and all my arguments about the imprudence of such an attempt; but on coming to the examination of his *hasira* (the cartouche-tubes on the breast), he found that some kind friend, during his late insensibility, had wisely relieved them of the powder." Osman, however, went off immediately; but whether he found means to go to the field or otherwise, our author did not learn. Nor are the old men one bit behind their juniors in chivalrous gallantry. Mr Bell met an aged chief who had left his home for the field, and was told the following anecdote of him. "I have just heard from K'ash Vardan, who says that a few days since Haseah and he having found themselves in presence of a considerable body of Russian horse, the former, whose beard is already all blanched, turned to him gaily (for he is full of gaiety and spirit), and merely saying, 'Follow me,' dashed in among the enemy with his sabre, and cut his way through without receiving any injury. Vardan, who enjoys a high character for bravery, candidly owns he had not courage to follow such an example."

The female slaves who are sent from Circassia, are principally, if not entirely, derived from an inferior caste, who stand in the relation of serfs to the landed proprietors of the country, as is the case in Russia. Serf-girls are still sold by the Circassian proprietors, though the disgraceful trade is much less extensive than formerly. Yet, when their fate is at the worst, these poor girls have hopes, which soothe their distress. "Two serf-girls of this establishment—about twelve or thirteen years of age—have just been sold to a merchant going to Constantinople. Twelve horse-loads of merchandise have arrived in payment of them—a sight that sickens my British stomach, however it may operate on a Turk's. The girls have been here to kiss my host's hand at parting, on which occasion the hearts of both of them seemed greatly convulsed; and one with reddish hair (and therefore keener feelings) shed floods of tears, which went nigh to set mine a-flowing. Parting, however, is always painful; and I trust these two girls may be sustained by the ambition I believe common here among the youth of their sex—of becoming wives to nabobs of Stambul."

One of the most remarkable features in the social policy of the Circassians, consists in the existence of numerous sects or fraternities, the members of each of which hold themselves to be of one stock, and do not intermarry. The young people of each fraternity look upon one another in the light of brothers and sisters. A union of this kind may contain from two or three hundred to two or three thousand families. The members are bound to protect each other in danger and distress, and to assist in paying those fines which constitute the chief legal punishments of the country. If a member is condemned to capital punishment, his fraternity inflict it. Altogether, these fraternities of Circassia bring one forcibly in mind of the Scottish clans. Mr Bell mentions the following case illustrative of the criminal procedures of Circassia. "As we passed the temporary court of justice—a thatched shed—we had further proof of proceedings having terminated, by its being set fire to, as is invariably done. The delinquent in this case appears to have been insane, as he had killed a boy, and wounded two other persons of a family he had conceived himself aggrieved by, and had entered a house for the purpose of killing one of my countrymen whom he expected to find there. His fraternity had consequently put him to death in the usual manner, by throwing him into the sea with his arms tied; yet his family and fraternity are bound by the Circassian ideas of justice to pay the legal fines for his offences. It may easily be conceived that such institutions, though at variance with our notions of justice in the west, are yet highly conducive to good order, each family and fraternity being deeply interested in watching the conduct of each individual connected with them, lest they should be amerced for his misdemeanour."

The fines payable in this instance were two hundred oxen for a boy killed, and thirty for a young man and two for a woman wounded, the latter having been less severely injured. Of these only the former has yet been exacted; the parents of the boy having received the value of sixty oxen, and their fraternity the remainder. The payment of the other two is fixed for next summer, and will be proportionally divided among the sufferers and their fraternities. The cause for such division is, that the family and fraternity of the delinquent are amenable in similar proportions.

So far as I can learn, insanity is almost unknown in this country. It appears to be a curse attendant on the complications of civilisation and commerce."

We have now quoted pretty freely from Mr Bell's volumes, endeavouring to choose such passages as would at once illustrate the character of the Circassians, and exhibit the very interesting nature of the work, which has the additional attraction of numerous engravings.

The principal drawback in the character of the people under our notice, is their recklessness in shedding human blood. They are certainly not blood-thirsty, but seem to know no other arbiter in disputes than cold steel or the bullet. Much must be allowed, however, for position and training, and, taking such things into account, we would say that, upon the whole, the Circassians seem to have in them the materials of a noble race of people. Let us hope, that in the event of a new arrangement of eastern affairs, our statesmen will at the same time discover some mode of restoring peace to the north-eastern shores of the Black Sea.

The following closing anecdote will show the honesty of the Circassians. "During almost the whole four months I have been in this valley, I have slept alone out of doors; first under a great pear-tree, on a green within the enclosure of this hamlet, and latterly on a stage, which Hassan Bey, of his own accord, ordered to be erected for me in an orchard, slightly enclosed, and which overhangs a deeply-wooded glen. This glen communicates with the valley, in which there are no houses all the way to the sea. On my couch, on this stage (which in fine weather, such as we generally have, is my house), sundry articles of high value here, such as my watch, silver snuff-box, silver-mounted dagger, knives, &c., lie throughout the day frequently (during my walks for exercise) quite unprotected; and at night, the four plum-trees which form my leafy shelter are hung with my clothes and other appurtenances; yet have I never missed a single article, although my retreat is well known to all the neighbours round; groups of whom, and of strangers, almost daily seat themselves on the grass around me. Nor must it be forgotten that my person also is of no little value, on account of the price set upon it by the munificent offer of the Russian general in the neighbourhood." The reward was 2000 silver roubles.

SHAKESPEARE'S JEST-BOOK.

IN *Much ado about Nothing*, Benedick alleges of Beatrice that she had her good wit out of the *Hundred Merry Tales*. Overlooking an erroneous surmise of Mr Steevens, this book seems to have been a small black-letter volume published in the reign of Henry VIII., under the title of "*Tales and Quick Answers, very merry, and pleasant to read*," and which, consisting of a century of anecdotes, had probably come to bear the familiar appellation of the *Hundred Merry Tales*. A copy of this volume was in the Duke of Roxburgh's celebrated collection (now in that of the Duke of Marlborough), and from it a new edition was produced a few years ago,* with the additional title of "*The Hundred Merry Tales, or Shakspeare's Jest-Book*."

The contents of this volume are extremely curious. The anecdotes strongly illustrate the simplicity and rudeness of the middle ages; and also, we fear, speak of a time when men were more easily amused than they are at present. The language is extremely quaint, the construction faulty, the words variously and venerably ill-spelt, and the stops almost invariably misplaced. The moral reflections which are made to accompany many of the stories is an amusing feature in the collection; for their *sautez* frequently excites a smile, even when the "merry tale" itself would fail to do so. The following selections from the volume will, we think, make good these remarks:—

Of hym that felle in to the fyre.

A felowe that was frowarde to his wyfe, vased to be oute drynkyng many tymes verye late. So on a nyghte he taryed so longe oute, that his wyfe wente to bedde, and badde her mayde make a good fyre, and tarye vp for hym. About xij. of the clocke home he came, and as he stode warnyng him by the fyre his hede was so tottye, that he felle in to the fyre. The mayde seing him fall ranne vp eryenge to her maistres, and said: Alas my maister is fallen and lyeth longe straughte in the fyre. No force mayde, said her maistres, let him lye and take his pleasure in his owne house, where so euer him listeth.

Of Papyrus pretestatus.

Aulus Gellius rehereth, how the Senatours of Rome on a tyme helde a great counsaile. Before which tyme the senatours chyldren, called of their garments *Pueri pretestati*, vased to come in to the parlement house with theyre fathers. So at this tyme a chyldre called Papyrus, cam in with his father and herde the great counsaile the which was stratelye commaunded to be kept secrete tyll hit was decreed. When this chyldre came home, his mother asked him what the counsaile was. The chyldre answered, hit oughte nat to be tolde. Now was his mother more desyrous to knowe hit than she was before: wherfore she enquired more straitly and more violently. The chyldre beinge sore constrained of his mother, shortlye deuysed a propre merye leasyng. It is reasoned in the parlemente (quod he) whether of both shulde be more profitfable for the comon welth, a man to haue ii. wyues or els a woman ii. husbandes. When she harde him say so, her mynde was pacified: and forth with she wente and tolde hit to the other matrones.

On the morowe a great company of the moste notable wyues of Rome came to the parlemente house weping, and humbly prayen: that rather one woman shuld be marryed vnto ii. men than ii. women to one

man. The Senatours entringe in to the court, what with the sodayn assembling of the wyues and of their request, were right sore astoned, than the childe Papyrus stode forth, and enformed the senatours, how his mother wold haue compelled him to vtter the secrete counsaile: and howe he to content her mynde, feyned that leasyng. For which dede the Senatours right highly commended the childe's fydeltie and wytte. And forth with they made a law, that no child after that (saue only Papyrus) shuld come in to the parlement house with his father. And for his great prudence in that tender age he had gyuen to hym, to his great honour, this surname *Pretestatus*.

Wherby ye may se, that the hygh treasure of man, and greatest grace, resteth in well ordryng of the tonge. The moste prudent poete Hesiodus sayth: The tonge shulde not ronne at large, but be hydde as a precious yllure. For of all the membres of man, the tonge yll ordered is the worste. The tonge blasphemeth God: The tonge sklaundreth thy neyghbour. The tonge breaketh peace, and stereth vp cruell warre, of all thynges to manynde moste mischeffull, the tonge is a breker of baudrye: the tonge setteth frendes at debate: The tonge with flatteryng, detraction, and wanton tales enfeteth pure and clene myndes: the tonge without sworde or venome strangleth thy brother and frende: and brefely to speake, the tonge teacheth cursed heresyas, and of good Christians maketh Antichristes.

Of kyngye Lowes of France and the husbunde man.

What tyme kyngye Lowes of Fraunce, the xi. of that name, bycause of the trouble that was in the realme, kepte hym selfe in Burgoyne, he chaunced by occasion of huntynge to come acyquented with one Conon a homely husbunde man, and a plaine meanyng felowe. In whicher maner of men the hygh princes greatly delyte them. To this mans house the kyngye ofte resorted from huntynge. And with great pleasure he wolde eate radysashes rotes with hym. Within a whyle after whan Lowes was restored home, and had the gouernance of France in his hande, this husbunde man was counsaile by his wyfe, to take a goodly sorte of radysashes rotes and to go and gyue them to the kyng, and put him in mynd of the good chere, that he had made hym at his house. Conon wolde nat assent thereto, what folyashe woman quod he, the great princes remembre nat suche amiable pleasures. But for all that she wolde nat reste tyll Conon chose out a great syght of the fayrest rootes, and toke his journey towarde the courte. But as he went by the way, he yete vp all the radysashes saue one of the greatest.

Conon peaked in to the courte, and stode where the kyngye shulde passe by: By and by the kyngye knewe hym, and called hym to hym. Conon stepte to the kyngye and presented his rote with a gladd chere. And the kyngye toke it more gladly, and bad one, that was nerest to hym, to laye it vp amonge those iewels that he best loued: And then commaunded Conon to dyne with hym. Whan dyner was done he thanked Conon: and whan the kyng sawe that he wolde departe home, he commaunded to gyue him a thousande crownes of golde for his radysash rote. Whan this was knowen in the kinges house, one of the court gaue the kyng a proper mynon horse. The kyng perceiving, that he dyd it, bycause of the liberalite shewed vnto Conon, with very glad chere he toke the gyft, and counsaile with his lordes, how and with what gyft he myght recompence the horse, that was so goodly and faire. This meane while the picke thank had a meruailous great hope, and thought in his mynde thus: If he so wel recompensed the radysash rote, that was gyuen of a rustycall man: howe moche more largely wyl he recompence suche an horse, that is gyuen of me that am of the courte: whan euery man had sayde his mynde, as though the kyngye had counsaile aboute a great weighty matter, and that they hadde longe fedde the pycke thanke with vayne hope, at last the kyng sayd. I remembre nowe, what we shal gyue hym: and so he called one of his lordes, and badde hym in his care, go fetche hym that that he founde in his chambre (and told hym the place where) fealty folded vp in sylke. Anone he came and brought the radysash rote, and euen as it was folded vp, the kyng with his owne hande gaue it to the courtier, sayenge: we suppose your horse is well recompensed with this iewel, for it hath cost vs a thousande crownes. The courtier went his way neuer so glad, and whan he had vnfolded it, he found none other treasure, but the radysash rote almoste wethered.

Of the plough man that sayde his pater noster.

A rude vplandishe plough man, whiche on a tyme reprooung a good holy father sayd, that he coude say all his prayers with a hole mynde and stedfast intention, without thinkyng on any other thyng. To whome the good holy man sayde: Go to, saye one *Pater noster* to the ende, and thyne on none other thyng, and I wyl gyue the myn horse. That shall I do, quod the plough man, and so began to saye, *Pater noster qui es in celis*, tyll he came to *Sanctificetur nomen tuum*, and than his thought moued him to aske this question: yea but shal I haue the sadill and bridel withal? And so he lost his bargain.

Of the fryer that brayde in his sermon.

A fryer that preached to the people on a tyme, wolde otherwhyle crie out a loude (as the maner of

some foolies is) which brayenge dyd so mous a woman that stode herynge his sermone, that she wepte. He parceyung that, thought in his mynde her conscience being prycked with his wordes, had caused her to wepe. wherfore whan his sermon was done, he called the woman to hym, and asked what was the cause of her wepyng, and whether his wordes moued her to wepe or nat. Forsoth mayster (sayde she) I am a poure wydowe: and whan myne husbunde dyed, he lefte me but one asse, which gotte parte of my luyng, the which asse the wolues haue slayne: and now when I hard your hyghe voyce, I remembred my selve asse, for so he was wonte to braye bothe nyghte and daye. And this good mayster caused me to wepe. Thus the lowde brayer, rather than preacher, confuted with his folyshenes, wente his waye: which thinkyng for his brayenge lyke an asse to be reputed for the beste preacher, deserued well to here hym selfe to be compared to an asse.

For truly one to suppose hym selfe wyse
Is vnto folyshenes the very fyrste gye.

Of the weyse man Pise, and his seruant.

A certayn wise man called Pise, to auoyde greuous langlyng, commaunded, that his seruantes shulde saye nothyng, but answer to that that they were demanded, and no more. Vpon a daye the sayde Pise made a dyner, and sent a seruaunt to desire Clodius the Consul to come and dyne with him. Aboute the houre of diner al the guesstes came saue Clodius, for whom they taryed tyll hit was almoste nyght, and ouer sente to loke if he came. At laste Pise sayde to his seruaunt: Diddest thou byd the Consul come to dyner? yes truly sayde he. Why cometh he nat than? quod Pise. Mary, quod the seruaunt, he sayde he wolde nat. Wherfore toldest me nat so incontinēt? quod Pise. Bycause, quod the seruaunt, ye dyd nat aske me.

By this tale seruantes may lerne to kepe their maisters bidding: but yet I aduise maysters therby to take hede, howe they make an iniunction.

HAMMERSLEY'S BANK.

THE following account of Messrs Hammersley and their bank (Pall Mall, London), which lately stopped payment, is given in the *Circular to Bankers*. The manner in which Mr T. Hammersley is described to have been led on from one speculation to another—the new scheme always to redeem the loss from that which preceded it, but always making matters worse—gives a startling insight into the higher walks of business in this commercial country.

“Some fifty or sixty years ago, the old and eminent banking-house of Herries and Co. was the only firm in England which had adopted the practice of issuing notes payable on presentation, or at a few days' sight, at various large towns throughout the continent of Europe: it was a circulation of the greatest possible convenience, safety, and utility to travellers and temporary residents in foreign countries, and it was very properly, and with much foresight as to the consequences, so arranged by the introducers of the practice as to render the accommodation to the applicants or the public easy and economical to them, so that they always felt obliged for the opportunity of resorting to it. It was also, no doubt, a lucrative kind of business to the issuers of the notes. The amount of this circulation must have been greatly curtailed by the French revolutionary war; but still it was almost an exclusive field, and it had, as may fairly be assumed, rendered a good return to the enterprising firm with whom the practice originated. The war must terminate; and those who were in possession of the field of operation, and were acquainted with all the circumstances, places, persons, and details necessary to the conduct and management of such a business, would have great advantages on the renewal of intercourse with the continent of Europe. Few persons knew any thing about the extent of the profits of this kind of banking business; but among those few would be the confidential clerks of Messrs Herries, and one of them was the late Mr Thomas Hammersley, the father of Mr Hugh Hammersley, just deceased.

Mr Hammersley quitted his position as clerk, and entered into co-partnership with Messrs Morland and Ransom, under the firm of Morland, Ransom, and Hammersley. This firm did not remain united many years, and it was understood on its dissolution that there was a balance of loss to be borne by each of the several parties. It might not be a very large one, at least not amounting to a sum that could materially impede the operations of a great and substantial London banking firm; but supposing it to be not more than £20,000 for Mr Hammersley's share, it was to that extent a load on that gentleman's shoulders in his subsequent struggles. He then, upwards of thirty years ago, formed a co-partnership under the firm of Hammersleys, Montellien, Greenwood, Brookbank, and Drewe—a union which would seem to promise great results in profit, seeing that Mr Greenwood was in the high tide of prosperity as the leading army-agent and the confidential friend of the Horse Guards, and that other members of the firm were capable by their connexions of introducing valuable business to the new banking-office.

It happened, however, that the new firm was under the principal direction of a mind deeply imbued with the bold and confident spirit of the times—a spirit which is in perfect contrast to that which governs

the conduct of almost all experienced bankers of the present day. They pushed their accommodation for the purpose of acquiring business, or they granted such accommodation on the representations of parties, too readily. Among these was a bank at Honiton, in Devonshire, which failed many years since. It is said that the accommodation granted to this bank at its highest point considerably exceeded £230,000. It was given principally in the shape of bills, accepted by Messrs Hammersley and Co.; and it was an understood arrangement between the parties, that the sum of this kind of circulation to be constantly kept afloat should be about £200,000. Bills of this description, drawn on purpose to obtain bank-notes by discounting them, could not at this day be made to work at all; they even then moved heavily in certain quarters, and we believe, if it had not been for the friendly aid and co-operation of a director of the Bank of England, now deceased, the whole scheme of raising money by this kind of circulation would have broken down much sooner than it did.

Before the failure of this Devonshire Bank, Messrs Hammersley and Co. reduced the balance from its highest point, which is variously stated at sums between £250,000 and £300,000, as well as they could, by getting available securities and otherwise. For the final balance, which, after all practicable reduction had been effected, amounted, we believe, to £180,000, they accepted, we were many years since informed, 1s. or 1s. 6d. in the pound; consequently, the real loss upon this account would not be less than from £160,000 to £170,000. It would be instructive if we could tell by what means and gradations borrowers contrived to involve Messrs Hammersley and Co. in this large and ruinous liability. The bankers at Honiton made a great show of possessions in land, upon which securities for the advances would be given; but, according to our information, these were no further available for the payment of the great debt than we have above stated. Whether the then existing partners of the firm of Hammersley and Co. took each his share of this enormous amount of loss, or it was left as an incubus on the bank to be liquidated by the accruing profits of that establishment, we do not know. The latter seems the more probable, seeing that the firm was gradually stripped of every one of its members, except the lamented Mr Hugh Hammersley.

Whilst the firm was subject to the aforesaid influence—viz., was under the direction principally of its founder, Mr Thomas Hammersley—other losses of considerable magnitude were incurred, either by that gentleman individually, or by the house over which he presided. There was one with an office-bearer in his Majesty's Treasury, amounting to a sum approaching to £40,000. What portion of this sum may have been subsequently liquidated by the connexions of the party on whom the obligation rested, we do not know. Then there was a much larger sum which Mr Thomas Hammersley advanced to a firm for the manufacture of soap carried on in the borough of Southwark. The loss here, we believe, was little, if any thing, short of £80,000. The history of this soap manufacture would be interesting and instructive if related circumstantially in detail; we must episodically advert to some of the leading facts, for they are pregnant with warning to men of property and such as have the command of large sums of money.

An ingenious person of the name of Phelps, professed the art of making soap of a better quality than any other manufacturer of the article could produce. The profession was not a vain one, no regard being had to the cost, as the product exhibited bare evidence. On this showing, he induced men of great property to join him with capital, without careful examination; costly works were raised, and the best plant was formed that labour, materials, and money could furnish. They soon found, however, that profit did not ensue from this large outlay, and Mr Phelps then suggested that the great profit lay in the making of alkali, and the firm consequently undertook the manufacture of that article; still there was no profit, and the adventure had at this stage absorbed too much money to admit of the consideration of retreat from the enterprise. ‘Go ahead’ was then the signal-flag of the times; so the firm turned merchants, and would fetch their tallow in their own ships from St Petersburg. It was during the war; the tallow-laden ships were seized, and carried into one of the Danish islands. This was a great blow to the firm; and to recover their property they mustered a sufficient force to go and attempt to cut out and retake the ship or ships, and in this they succeeded. One large ship was on its passage home from the Danish port, with a cargo insured for more than £40,000, when the captain and crew descried a smaller vessel, to which they gave chase, with the intention of capturing it; but which, when they came near to it, they found to be an American, with whose country we were at peace, and they dared not touch it. They then steered for London, but the ship and cargo were burnt before they reached port, the crew alone escaping; and the underwriters refused to pay one shilling, because the ship had been out of the proscribed course in chase of the American. In this, and such other ways as great manufactures on novel plans are incident to, several hundred thousand pounds were lost by Messrs Phelps and Co.

We continue the recital. Mr Phelps succeeded in getting for his co-partner Mr Bracebridge, proprietor of Aston Hall, near Birmingham, the park and fine old mansion of which estate is now in the occupation

of Mr Watt, the son of the celebrated James Watt. Mr Bracebridge set up a bank at Warwick; but he was soon driven out of that field from sheer unfitness to conduct so responsible an office; he paid all the creditors of the bank, and gave it up. The losses, however, from his mercantile adventures had reduced him to such straits, that he was constrained to sell his reversionary interest in those two valuable estates of Aston Hall in Staffordshire, and Breerton Hall in Cheshire. And we believe it to be not extravagant to say that, if this gentleman had been content to live within his income, and had not turned banker and soap-boiler, he would at this moment be in possession of landed property worth very little short of a million sterling, which is for ever alienated from his family. Nothing could more forcibly illustrate the different consequences flowing from providence and improvidence, than the fact that a part of that same estate of Aston Hall was purchased by Mr Whitehead, banker of Warwick; and from its proximity to Birmingham, it is likely to become a property of great value.

Why do we refer to these circumstances? Because they are, even in this naked sketch, pregnant with instruction. A great London bank has stopped payment, holding deposits which are stated to amount to £650,000, and having promissory-notes circulating in all parts of the continent of Europe, amounting to a very considerable sum; and, as we believe, it is brought to this state, not from any misconduct on the part of the late possessor and director of the office, as far as the management of the funds intrusted to him is concerned, but from the misconduct of those who proceeded him. Mr Hugh Hammersley inherited a lucrative business encumbered with dreadful losses. A long course of years might have brought about solvency, and laid a solid foundation of wealth. We are bound to explain these things, and to trace the evil to its sources. These sources are mainly—

1. A loss on Mr T. Hammersley leaving the firm of Morland, say - - - £20,000
 2. A loss with the Honiton bank, which we put down, - - - 160,000
 3. A loss in the soap factory, - - - 80,000
- £260,000

We believe that, under the management of the late Mr Hugh Hammersley, this large sum was in the course of gradual liquidation from regularly accruing profits. There is no doubt that a very valuable description of business had been attracted to the office, and we believe if the disaster had occurred a few years sooner, the creditors would have received a smaller dividend—the assets being now stated to be equal to the payment of about 15s. in the pound. The rapid sliding away of property from opening the sluice of improvident confidence, and the slow recovery of it by care and circumspection—for a quarter of a century has elapsed since any of the losses here stated were incurred—are notable facts, worthy of the consideration of all bankers and merchants.”

MILITARY SYSTEM OF FRANCE.

[The following condensed and accurate account of the military system of France is extracted from the second part of Messrs Adam and Charles Black's new *System of Geography*, abridged from the works of Malte Brun and Balbi; a work evidently prepared with extraordinary care and with the benefit of an unusually extensive command of information, and which, when completed, as designed, in one volume, must be the most economical book of the kind which we possess.]

THE French have always been fond of military glory, and have invariably placed the most unhesitating confidence in their prowess in war. Their arms have, indeed, at various times been crowned with the most splendid success, and yet no nation has ever experienced greater reverses or more signal defeats. At present, the French government maintains a large standing army, rated, even on the peace establishment, at 311,412 men, and 62,142 horses. This force is composed of infantry, cavalry, artillery, and engineers. The infantry consist of 67 regiments of infantry of the line, of three battalions each; 21 regiments of light infantry, also of three battalions each; 3 battalions of light infantry of Africa; 8 companies of discipline; 4 companies of pioneers; 3 battalions of zouaves; and a foreign legion of three battalions. The cavalry consist of 2 regiments of carabiniers; 10 regiments of cuirassiers; 12 regiments of dragoons; 8 of lancers; 12 of chasseurs; 6 of hussars; 3 of chasseurs d'Afrique; 1 regiment of regular spahis of Algiers; 1 regiment of Bouah; 1 regiment of Oran. The artillery consist of 14 regiments of twelve batteries each; 1 battalion of pontonniers; 12 companies of artillery workmen; and 6 squadrons of train of the parks of artillery, each including six companies. The engineers consist of 3 regiments of sixteen companies each, and various other bodies. The total number of infantry, in 1839, was 205,100; of cavalry, 49,000; of artillery, 22,700; of engineers, &c., 28,500; besides 28,500 gendarmes, or armed police, dispersed in small bodies throughout the kingdom. The war establishment is rated at 420,265 men, and 121,892 horses. The army is recruited partly by voluntary enlistment, and partly by conscription; but the latter is greatly modified since the time of the Emperor Napoleon; the numbers required being now limited to 40,000 annually, and the period of service to six years, while great latitude is allowed in the procuring of substitutes.

The gradations of military rank are, sub-lieutenant, lieutenant, captain, chef d'escadron, colonel, marechal

de camp, lieutenant-general, and marechal of France. Promotion is never obtained by purchase, and not often by special order; more than half the appointments take place by seniority. The number of marechals of France is at present ten; but by the new regulations it is to be fixed at eight in time of peace, and may be increased to twelve in time of war.

Not content with military glory by land, the French have been equally ambitious to become a great naval power, but have not hitherto succeeded in rendering themselves formidable by sea. After a century and a half of continual effort and frequent conflict, their fleet was almost annihilated by the battle of Trafalgar, and subsequent minor engagements during the late war. Since the peace, the government have paid the utmost attention to the navy, and are now prepared, in the event of war, to send a powerful fleet to sea. According to the budget of 1835, there were in active service, 8 ships of the line, 12 frigates, 16 corvettes or sloops, 24 brigs, and numerous other vessels; and the amount of their crews was 20,317 men. The number in commission at 1st January 1840, was—Ships of the line, 15, from 80 to 120 guns; frigates, 13; corvettes, 19; brigs, 33; gunbrigs, 9; schooners, cutters, advice-boats, transports, &c., 578; steam vessels, 25. By royal ordinance of 1st January 1837, the navy in time of peace is fixed at 40 ships of the line, 50 frigates, 40 steamers, and 190 smaller vessels. The smaller vessels are to be kept afloat; but only half of the ships of the line and frigates are intended to be launched, the other half to be kept on the stocks in different stages of building.

As soon as a young man has been apprenticed in the coasting trade, or has made two voyages at sea, or has been employed two years in the fisheries, he is registered in the lists of the district to which he belongs. Besides this class of mariners, all other persons, be their ages what they may, who enter merchant vessels, or engage in the fisheries, are inscribed in the registers as soon as they have seen service; nor is any exception made in their favour, though they may have previously stood their chance of the ballot for the army, or have served their time in its ranks. The record of their names in the register of mariners is all that is necessary to fix that liability upon them; and in their case, as well as in that of every regularly bred seaman, this liability continues till the age of fifty. They all become as much the property of the state as the Russian serf is of the landowner at the moment of his birth. Whenever sailors are required for the naval service, the naval prefect announces to the local supervisor or commissary the quota of men to be supplied from each district. The latter thereupon directs the syndic of the navy to send him twice or thrice the number of men required, and he makes such selections from them as he thinks proper. No exemption whatever is admitted; and there is no appeal from the will or caprice of the commissary. The total number of individuals, of all descriptions, employed in the sea service, as at 1st January 1838, was 110,589, among whom there were 10,836 captains, ship-masters and pilots; and of that number 272 belonged to the public, and 6946 to the mercantile service.

As connected principally, though not exclusively, with the army and navy, we may mention the Order of the Legion of Honour, which was instituted by Napoleon. The usual title to admission is the discharge of important duties, either civil or military; and in time of war, the performance of some action of great bravery. The gradations are—1. Chevaliers, of whom the number is unlimited; 2. Officers, limited by the laws of the order to 2000; 3. Commanders, limited to 400; Grand-Officers, to 160; and Grand-Crosses, to 80; but on 1st January 1840, the actual number of the members was—Grand-Crosses, 96; Grand-Officers, 206; Commanders, 829; Officers, 4491; Chevaliers, 44,393; in all, 50,015.

PUBLIC HEALTH AND MORTALITY.

Paradoxical as it may appear, it is certain that a man's health, nay life, is nearly as much in the keeping of those of whom he knows nothing as in his own. Of the three influences mainly acting on it—himself, society, and external nature—the first bears on it most intensely, the second most covertly, the last most constantly. Moral culture may teach the individual so to curb his passions and appetites, as to develop all the forces of his organisation in their most healthful scope; or its neglect may set them loose as the deadliest instruments of self-destruction. The social system acts upon us not only through its fashions and customs, but by the power of government; and an ill-considered impost, indirectly affecting the food, the habitation, or the clothing of the community, shall send more to their graves than ever fell by sword or spear. Climate is always so ameliorated by civilisation, that we may safely say that it forms no exception to the general fact, that all the sources enumerated as influencing life are greatly modifiable; so that, although we may not believe, with M. Quetelet, in the perfectibility of our race, we may yet be sure that all its numerous ills may be immeasurably lessened. Nothing is truer than that the mortality of a kingdom is the best gauge of its happiness and prosperity. Show us a community wallowing in vice, whether from the pamperings of luxury or the recklessness of poverty, and we will show you that there truly the wages of sin are death. Point out the government legislating only for a financial return, regardless or ignorant of the indirect effects of their enactments, and we shall see that the pieces of silver have been the price of blood.—*Quarterly Review*.

ADVISERS.

THE following specimen of the shrewd humour of James Smith was intended to have been included in a notice of his "Memoirs and Comic Miscellanies," which lately appeared in the Journal, but was postponed for want of room:—

There is a family named Partington, that has lately commenced its residence in Upper Harley Street. It consists of a father, a mother, two sons, and two daughters. The father is a sturdy, red-faced, good sort of man, and the mother is a slender, sallow, good sort of woman. John, the elder son, is with his father in the wine and spirit line, in America Square; Charles, the younger son, is in the law; the two girls expect to be married. There is at present a great deal of advice stirring about London, and the Partingtons have given and received more than their due proportion of it. It has often astonished me why so much of that commodity has been, and continues to be, given: nobody thanks you for it; indeed, nine people out of ten tell you, in pretty plain terms, to keep your advice to yourself—yet still we continue to give it. Never was benevolence more gratuitous than ours!

Hardly was old Partington well settled in Upper Harley Street, in a most commodious situation, inasmuch as it commanded a corner view of the outside of the Diorama, with a peep at the little statue of the late Duke of Kent at the top of Portland Place—when he received a visit from his crony, Mr Chapman, of Devonshire Square, Bishopsgate Street, who called to give him some advice as to his recent proceedings.

Mr Chapman commenced his harangue in one of the accustomed forms: "Now, Mr Partington, I am sure you have too much good sense to be offended at what I am about to say." Mr Partington assured him, in answer, that he had a great deal too much good sense; whereupon the adviser, in reply, began to descant upon the extreme folly of Mr Partington in quitting his city residence to sojourn in Upper Harley Street. The adviser reminded the advisee of those happy days when, Bedlam being then standing upon London Wall, they used to walk up and down Moorfields in front of the iron gates of that edifice, for half an hour before dinner, to get an appetite; a needless ceremony, but persisted in notwithstanding. Mr Partington owned, with downcast eyes, that such had been their practice; but alleged in his defence, that nobody lived in the city at present—"even Bedlam has deserted it," exclaimed he, with a sigh. "True," answered the adviser, "and if you had removed your quarters to St George's Fields, I should not have so much wondered; but what the deuce could draw you to Upper Harley Street? Let me now advise you as a friend: if you have not yet signed and sealed, declare off, and come back again. We have dined with you once, in the way of friendship; but, my dear Jonathan, when you could have us all to dinner in a ring-fence, within one hundred yards of the Royal Exchange, what could put it into your head to drag us four miles off, to cut your mutton in Marybone parish?" Mr Chapman now retired, and Mr Partington took his advice as children take physic, by casting it out of the window the moment the apothecary's back is turned. The lease was executed that very morning, and Mr Partington, notwithstanding a strong internal aversion to the hot chalky dusty corner of the Portland-road, became tenant of the house in Upper Harley Street for twenty-one years, from Christmas-day then last past. Men in the spirit line are not to be advised with impunity.

While this affair was transacting in the small back apartment behind the dining-room (the only one in the whole house which a married man can call his own, and even this is apt to be invaded by hats, canes, and umbrellas, out of number), advice was going on at a great rate in the front drawing-room up stairs. Mrs Chambers was full tilt at Mrs Partington, advising her how to manage her family. "My dear Mem (for to this diminutive is our French Madame humbled since the Revolution)—my dear Mem," said this matronly Mentor, "only conceive that you should never have heard of Doctor Level. I've got three of my girls down under his hands, and I hope to get Julia down the moment she comes from school." "Down! Mrs Chambers, I don't quite understand you." "No!—only conceive how odd! By down, I mean down flat upon their backs upon three sofas. Doctor Level says it's the only way to bring up girls straight. All depends upon the spine: nerves, bile, toothache, asthma, and every thing of that kind—all springs from the spine." "Well!—but, Mrs Chambers, is not horse exercise a better thing? My girls ride in St James's Park now and then, with their brother Charles as a make-weight. I can assure you, several young men of very considerable property ride there; and, according to my calculation, men are more apt to fall in love on horseback than on foot." "Horseback!—only conceive how dreadful! Doctor Level won't hear of it: he says girls should be kept quiet—quite quiet. Now, you know Anna is short and rather thick in her figure: the poor girl burst into tears on reading that Lord Byron hated a dumpty woman. I was quite in despair about her: only conceive!—no more figure than my thumb! I spoke to Dr Level about it, and he said, 'It's no matter, she must have the long gaiters.'" "Long gaiters, Mrs Chambers!—a very pretty appurtenance to a grenadier, but surely for a diminutive young lady!" "Oh, Mem, I beg your pardon: it's the best thing in the world; let me advise you, as a friend, to try the long gaiters." "I'll venture to say, that in six years he would make little Crachami as long as the Queen of the Sandwich Islands. How he manages it I don't know; but there are two long straps that keep down the shoulders and flatten the ankles; then he turns a sort of screw, under the sofa, which sets the straps in motion, and pulls out the body just for all the world as if he were rolling out paste for a gooseberry pie-crust. Well, my dear Mem, would you believe it? We have already gained two inches; and Doctor Level promises me, if I keep Anna

quite quiet for three years and seven months, she may get up quite a genteel figure. Jemima and Lucy are rather better figures: I hope to have them up and about in a twelvemonth." "Poor girls, don't they find it very dull?" "Oh no; I left them this morning with 'Irving's Four O'Clocks,' and 'Southey's History of the Brazils.' Plenty of amusement, that's my maxim. Let me advise you, as a friend, to follow my example."

Mrs Chambers was qualified to give all this advice from living in Lower Grosvenor Street, which gave her much more knowledge of the world (especially on a fine Sunday) than could be possessed by an inhabitant of Upper Harley Street. Mrs Partington, for the same reason, was bound to take it in seeming thankfulness. Most fortunate was it for the two Misses Partington, that their mamma was "advised as a friend." But for those soul-revolting expressions, Mrs Partington might have been induced to call in Doctor Level to bind her daughters' back-bones over to their good behaviour; and the two Misses Partington, in lieu of cantering under the back-wall of Marlborough House, and kicking up as much dust as a couple of countesses, might, at this present writing, have been flat on their backs, in the back drawing-room in Upper Harley Street, like a couple of Patiencees on a monument, smiling at a whitewashed ceiling!

LINES TO MURPHY.

[The following lines, which first appeared some months since in a periodical work of limited circulation, are obligingly placed at our disposal by the author—the same individual who composed "Tunis ad resio Mare."]

Oh, Murphy, Murphy, I am sore afraid
You're but a poor and sorry common-tator;
A very tyro in the weather trade,
And all unfit for Jack Frost's legislator.
Your foggy days, alas! are clear and fine,
Your cold and rainy all are warm and sunny;
Each following day belies your every line,
And proves your want of science and of money.
What ails your hall that it will not come down?
Why does your Phœbus sit us, too, like this?
Why does your thunder disappoint the town,
In your ephemeral Ephemeris?
Your meteorologic logic pray revise,
Your problems too, so very problematic;
And if, moon-struck, you still must theorise,
Let not your comet course be so erratic.
Your reign will end before the rain begins,
And down to Zero sink your reputation;
Fog, Meteor, Vapour, all will kick your shins,
And change your altitude to declination.
The powers above—Aries, &c. &c.
Libra, Aquarius, Sagittarius—all
Will be indignant at thy exposé,
And stop, methinks, thy Comic Annual.
The planets, too, will doubtless join the wars,
Stop thy diurnal, annual rotation;
And, thy Urania mania marred by Mars,
Thou wilt not well escape a good gyration.
But fare you well, my weather-beaten boy;
I'll bid good-bye, with every wish that's kind;
May all your future days be fine and dry,
And you still make a breeze and raise the wind.
S. W. P.

RECOVERY OF PROPERTY.

The following circumstance is as true as it is singular. A few years ago two gentlemen, who had been left executors to the will of a friend, on examining the property, found a scrap of paper on which was written, "Seven Hundred Pounds in Till." This they took in the literal sense, and examined all his apartments carefully, but in vain. They sold his collection of books to a bookseller, and paid the legacies in proportion. The singularity of the circumstance occasioned them frequently to converse about it, and they recollected among the books sold (which had taken place upwards of seven weeks before), there was a folio edition of Tillotson's Sermons. The probability of this being what was alluded to by the word "Till" on the piece of paper, made one of them immediately wait upon the bookseller who had purchased the books, and ask him if he had the edition of Tillotson, which had been among the books sold to him. On his replying in the affirmative, and the volumes being handed down, the gentleman immediately purchased them, and on carefully examining the leaves, found bank notes, singly dispersed in various places of the volumes, to the amount of seven hundred pounds! But what is perhaps no less remarkable than the preceding, the bookseller informed him that a gentleman at Cambridge, reading in his catalogue of this edition to be sold, had written to him, and desired it might be sent to Cambridge, which was accordingly done; but the books not answering the gentleman's expectations, they had been returned, and had been in the bookseller's shop till the period of this very singular discovery.—*Odd Fellow*.

FLUENCY OF SPEECH.

Dean Swift says, the common fluency of speech, in most men and most women, is owing to a scarcity of matter and scarcity of words; for whoever is a master of language, and hath a mind full of ideas, will be apt, in speaking, to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in, and these are always ready at the mouth; so people come faster out of church when it is almost empty, than when a crowd is at the door.

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